

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 510.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1884.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER 238

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON.

Published Tuesdays and Fridays,

\$2.00 PER ANNUM

When paid strictly in advance. If we have to wait any time, \$2.50 will be charged.

GEO. O. BARNES in ENGLAND

"PRAISE THE LORD"

102 SHACKLEWELL LANE,
DARTFORD, ENGLAND, E. MAR 21, 1884

Dear Father:

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5th.—A little hand of "the faithful" at Eriti are to meet every Wednesday night at Bro. Egerton's, for the study of the Word and to keep the fire burning that the LORD'S love has kindled. Of course they will be called by hateful names for doing it, but they are a resolute lot and will not easily be put down. The plan is to get others, not fully sympathizing, yet not opposed, to join them, one by one, and win them over to a hearty fellowship by love and patience.

Herbert, who spent the night with us, and left with his usual reluctance at the last moment, compatible with reaching the Stock Exchange at his business hour—promised to be good and go to Eriti to-night, instead of returning to the meeting in Caledonian Road. Arranged my scattered correspondence by one desperate "over-hauling" today and felt not a little relieved when the job was accomplished by steadily sticking to it. Bro. John Tod called on his way to business and we had a friendly chat over a point that I had met the night before to make plain, with only partial success, viz: that the current phrase in every pulpit that men are "sinners in the sight of God," is a false one, since the dear Cross, where Jesus "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself," and because the dear "Lamb of God, taking away the sin of the world," being made a "propitiation for the sins of the whole world," and "bearing our sins in His own body on the tree." Only in man's sight can there be sinners, after that, since our God is well pleased with His Son's work and to Him our glory can have "good pleasure in men." (Luke 1:14) This not being seen by many leads to no end of confusion in approaching men as sinners, instead of sinners in the sight of God, which is the only possible controversy God can have with men, seeing all the rest has been fully settled. And hence the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, never convinces the world of any other sin, save that of not believing on God's dear Son. That settled by believing (not confessing, nor mourning, nor exhorting, nor evading by bringing in something in its place), all is settled and the soul goes on its way, rejoicing in the LOVE that has done everything for it, and given freely, "without upbraiding." I undid this a bit last night in the telling and dear John, ever lovingly jealous for the truth, as well as true to me, came to have it straightened out. We agreed exactly before he went out, as we almost uniformly do.

At night we had a temperance meeting that had been previously appointed and I was "Chairman" instead of Speaker. We had a grand evening, the two men who spoke being full of the Holy Ghost and both reformed drunkards, longing to deliver others. One of them had been a burlesque actor and clown at the Albanian Theatre, who had a wondrous experience to narrate.

THURSDAY, March 6th.—We went to meet the Working Women at their meeting in Jewin and Aldergate street and had a good time at the latter place, where in the future we shall concentrate service. Dear Sister Fisher asks to personally that the room is well filled. Everything in such work depends on the personal of the management. Jewin street lacks the prestige of a good head and we drop it for the present because we are not properly seconded in our efforts to benefit. We regret this, as there are some to whom we have become attached at that place. But they can attend at Aldergate street, if so disposed, which is only a few minutes' walk distant.

Herbert and Elith came once a week, on Thursdays, to spend the night with us and they are always delightful. Bro. and Sister Lummer and Dr. and Mrs. Perry joined the party at tea and our little room was full; but we got along nicely. All went up together to Caledonian Road and in preaching on "Saul of Tarsus," the results of the clearing-up talk with John yesterday morning came out most satisfactorily, the dear LORD giving me liberty in expounding the difference between a "Sinner in the sight of God" and a sinner in the sight of man.

Justification clears the ground on the first count of the indictment. Sanctification makes all right on the second. Praises the dear LORD for showing it so clearly to me and giving "utterance" to tell it to the people. I think they saw it all.

FRIDAY, March 7th.—A quiet morning spent in writing. The girls, after Herbert had gone to business, busy marking their new Bagster Bibles, until Elith had quite used her eyes up and was obliged to desist. They are making them look quite ornamental, in different colored inks—red for a sinner's salvation; (the BLOOD) purple for a saint's crown (royalty); blue for bodily healing and green for the LORD'S second

coming. They dilute water colors, which are brighter and better than inks; do not soak through their paper; and dry without subsequent smearing. A hint for those who can take it, in Bible marking.

Mama, Marie and I went up to "Glen-coe," Bro. Noble's villa on Stamford Hill, where we took tea with our dear friends. We were all quite wild with joy at the meeting. The dear little resuscitated woman had just returned from the Isle of Wight, as "plump as a partridge." "Noble William" himself looked better than we have seen him for a long while and the "baby" for once relaxed his usual taciturnity and carried away by the contagion of general rejoicing, became almost arrisulous. After tea Bro. Noble got out his concertina and we had a jolly time, almost verging on the undignified; but inoffensive and full of praise to the dear LORD, who has been so good to us all.

Had a blessed meeting at night—full of power and the manifested presence of the LORD. Bro. Bartlet, from Highgate, brought with him two French ladies, from Paris, mother and daughter, who were quite enthusiastic in praising the "beauteous gospel," as they brokenly expressed it.

Herbert and Elith were both to go on to Buxley Heath and we were both to let them go, but we all said "Praise the LORD" and then it was very easy to part. Wonderful lubricator of life, that simple phrase is! It is more effectual in its working every day. SATURDAY, March 8th.—George Wood, Marie and I went, by appointment, to the British Museum, to examine their wonderful collection of ancient copies of the English Bible. And well were we repaid for our visit. A dinner on "whitebait," a delicate fish, about an inch and a half long, eaten "body and bones," at Ludgate Hill, was not an item to be despised in the day's enjoyment. Dear George has given from his scanty earnings £25 (\$125) for the tent. Just think of the first £250 coming from these dear donors, with such limited means, for George is only a clerk on a small salary and this gift, like the other, means much self-denial. So we shall get our tent by May 1st, we hope. Praise the LORD!

(continued next issue)

HE THOUGHT RESURRECTION DAY HAD COME.—I was at White Sulphur Springs in 1868—I think it was '68—but anyway, General Robert E. Lee and General Rosecrans and other distinguished men were there at the time, consulting as to the best methods of reconciling the North and South, and bringing about much needed peace and harmony in the nation. One day the stage coach drove up in front of the hotel, and out the door of it stepped a newspaper man named Hanna. He was long, and so thin in body that he offered no particular obstruction to the passage of light. The thickest thing about him was a shock of red hair that hung down on each side of his face, covering his ears and framing his cadaverous countenance. He wore a long linen duster about as large around as an umbrella case. As he climbed out on one side of the stage Aleck Stephens climbed out of the other, and the two started up toward the hotel together. One of the boys at the hotel pointed at them and called out: "Look here! Here comes the vanguard of the resurrection!"

The jury system is full of abuses in Kentucky as well as in Ohio and the other States. The longer an effort at remedy is deferred the greater will be the popular disregard of the machinery of justice and the greater the prevalence of crime. While changes in the jury laws must be the result of legislative enactment, the Legislature as a whole cannot be depended upon to mature any bill in this connection either far-reaching or beneficial in its character. It is a work requiring the study and attention of a smaller body of men, who have a knowledge of the law and are not distracted with the consideration of such bills as those to authorize the town of Williamsburg to borrow money and to index the mortgage records in Campbell county. The Legislature should establish a commission to report upon a revision of the jury system at a future session, and this might well be included as a part of the programme suggested by Senator Hallam.—(Louisville Commercial.)

The Country Gentleman says: "The success of a garden depends much on its early preparation and planting in spring. Crops which do not need putting in till warm weather arrives are greatly benefited by the thorough preparation and the pulverizing and enriching the soil. It is well, therefore to apply in winter all the manure which may be wanted. Pulverized by frost and leached into the soil by rains and melting snows, it will be worth more than if spread in lumps after spring opens and is imperfectly intermixed."

A peculiar kind of building stone is found in some localities in Oregon, having the property of being uninjured by the action of cold, heat or moisture. It is called granite sandstone, is very rich in silica, of a close, fine grain, highly crystallized, unlaminate and of a fine brown color. On being brought to a white heat and suddenly plunged in cold water, it comes out as solid and as firm as at first.

A new song is called "No Place Like Home." It is suggested by an exchange that the author never courted another fellow's sister; but perhaps it is her home he means.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT

Lancaster.

—J. B. Adams is rejoicing over the advent of a boy into his family of girls, whom he christened T. K. Adams.

—C. C. Storms has bought the house and lot on Danville street, occupied by the Misses Noel & Smith, milliners, for which he paid \$450. He expects to build a two-story brick store thereon this summer in connection with the new postoffice.

—Robert Hamilton, proprietor of the Hamilton House in this place, was married Wednesday afternoon to Miss Nannia Herring, daughter of James Herring, of this county. A reception was given at the Hamilton House which was largely attended. We wish them much happiness and success.

—Lancaster is in a worse predicament than ever since the addition of another passenger train on the K. C. R. R. We get the daily papers at 10 o'clock P. M. The morning train leaves the Junction too early to make connection with the L. & N. trains. It takes a whole day to come from Cincinnati. One must leave Cincinnati at 8 o'clock in the morning to arrive here at 10 o'clock at night. It takes about 8 hours to go to Cincinnati from here. O, the railroad!

—Misses Jael Redd and Sallie Fish returned to their homes at Crab Orchard Monday, after spending two weeks with Mrs. Jas. H. Leavel in the lower end of the county. Dr. Jas. Core, of Homer, Ill., was in town last week stopping with Henry Noel. He has retired from the practice of medicine and wishes to locate in the Sunny South. Mr. Noel has gone North with the doctor to attend a sale of Holstein cattle; both gentlemen are engaged in raising such stock. Col. Sam M. Burdett is expected home Saturday on a visit.

The Saloon Business Defined.

It is a business which is opposed to every

clergyman in the country.

It is a business which every merchant

and business man hates and detests.

It is a business which is the standing

dread of every mother.

It is a business which is the constant fear

of every father.

It is a business which is the horror of

every wife.

It is a business which makes ninety per-

cent of the business of the criminal

court.

It is a business which makes ninety per-

cent of the pauperism for which the tax

payer has to pay.

It is a business which keeps employed an

army of policemen in the cities.

It is the business which puts out the

fire on the hearth and condemns wives and

children to hunger, cold and rage.

It is the business which fosters vice for

profit, and educates in wickedness for

gain.

Drunkennes comprises all other vices.

It is the dictionary of vice. Drunkennes

means speculation, theft, robbery, arson,

forgery, murder—for it leads to all these

crimes.—(Central Methodist.)

In a hut on a narrow street in the

French village of Aubergine-en-Ioyane,

lives a woman whose age is declared, on

evidence which the London Lancet accepts

as authentic, to be 123 years. Her marriage

certificate shows that she was married

one hundred years ago last January. She

has no infirmities except slight deafness,

and she is comparatively erect. She is

supported entirely on the arms of visitors,

who come from great distances to see her;

and in her household work she is assisted

by her neighbors. She lives almost ex-

clusively on soup made with bread and

containing a little wine or brandy. The

neighborhood physician says she is never

ill.

BISHOP PIERCE AND GEN. TOOMBS.—

Bishop George F. Pierce and Gen. Robert

Toombs were classmates, and they have

ever been firm, true friends. Both of them

have illustrated the grandeur of human

intellect and the power that has to influ-

ence human thought and action. Their

success—each in his chosen field of labor

—has been wonderful, in part due to great

intellectual gifts, faithfully improved, and

still more largely due to a better and brighter

agency—their wives. Ask them, and they will admit it. The truly great man is less great than his wife, and always honest enough to admit it.—(Macon Ga. Telegraph.)

No Mistake in Hers

At noon a girl about ten years old, and wearing a somewhat faded costume, came up to the delivery window of the post-office, threw down a letter, and said to the clerk: "Is that air stamp all squeegee?" "Yes it seems to be all right." "An' is the address writ so that kin be no show of its gettin' off in the trail an' monkeyin' all 'round the country afore it gets to whar its addressed?" "Oh, I guess so. The mail boy can manage to—." "I don't want no guess work about it, for that's a matter of life and death. If that letter'll go straight way so, if it won't, just unlimber your tongue and give me square music." "I'll guarantee that it will find the person to whom it is addressed," said the clerk who had deciphered the hieroglyphics on the envelope. "Then, that's all right, but if it don't git there on time I'll have you look up for murder. That letter's for my feller back in Illinois, and he writ that if I wouldn't marry him right off he'd kill himself, an' I've writ back that he kin come on an' double up just as soon as he wants ter. If that letter don't git thar straight Jim's jest fool enough to swallow a dose of pizen, or somethin', an' mind, young man, that you are liable to be pulled any minute for murder if he does. My name's Body Lumly, an' anybody that knows the Lumlys'll tell you that we're not to be fooled with when human life's at stake." And she shook a warning finger at the clerk and walked out.—[Leadville Democrat.]

DON'T KNOW IT WELL ENOUGH.—"Walter," said her fond wife, "will you not learn to play poker for my sake?"

"Learn to play poker!" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"Why—ahem—why, the truth is I do know something about the game. I—I have played it."

"Yes, dear, but you don't know enough. I thought if you would only learn how to play it might not lose so much money, you know."—[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.]

Courting is sometimes called sparking,

because the real fire never commences until after marriage.

An Illinois philanthropist has willed his

corpus to a medical school. That is a dead

give away.

—PRICES—

Life of Geo. O. Barnes

—AND—

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

FOR \$2.50.

"Without scrip or purse, or The Mountain

Evangelist, George O. Barnes. The History of a

Consecrated Life, the Record of His Silent Thoughts

and a Book of His Public Utterances." Octavo,

bound in leather boards and tinted cloth with

gold on cover, 630 pages; steel engraving of

George O. Barnes; photograph of his home, map of

"the Vanished City," 2 pages, 4 in the front and 3

in the back of leaves of facsimile or exact re-

productions in ink and color of ink of the inscrip-

tions made by the Evangelist himself in his mount-

ain Bible, illustrating in a compact form his

faith. This book is a complete history of the

man. The private diary—200 pages—reveals the

innate nature of the Evangelist and is made pub-

lic for the first time in this book. The Faith

Healing chapter—61 pages—gives the history, the

arguments and all the biblical passages bearing on

the faith. It is a book that should be in every

Kentucky home, and should certainly be owned

by every convert of George Barnes. The book can

be obtained nowhere else for less than \$3.50. By

special arrangement with the author, who having

removed to New York, has largely withdrawn all

agencies, the book (\$3.50) and the EXHIBIT—WEEKLY

INTERIOR JOURNAL, (2) are offered together for

the price of \$5.00. "Life of Barnes" alone, the two

for \$3.50. Address

W. P. WALTON,

INTERIOR JOURNAL, Stanford, Ky.

Representative Newspaper of the South

—THE WEEKLY—

Courier-Journal

—AN ORGAN OF—

Live Issues, Living Ideas

—AND—

MORAL FORCES.

—AN ENEMY OF—

MONOPOLIES, OLIGARCHISM

—AND—

THE SPIRIT OF SUBSIDY!

—As embodied in—

That Thieving Tariff

—THE—

WEEKLY COURIER-JOURNAL

has no superior as a great family and political

paper in the newspaper world. Its circulation is

MANY TIMES LARGER

than any political newspaper in the South, and is

GRAND OPENING

NEW CHEAP STORE!

S. L. POWERS,

Formerly with D. H. CARPENTER, Catlettsburg, Ky., has opened in the Store-Room

UNDER THE ST. ASAPH HOTEL

Main Street, STANFORD, KY., a New, Elegant and Desirable line of

Dry Goods, Notions,
Boots, Shoes, Hats,
Wall Paper, &c.,

Recently purchased in New York, at prices that are conceded to be utterly beyond all competition. No old or shop-worn goods, but

Everything is New, Fresh and Desirable!

We intend making our stay permanent in Stanford, and as we have a buyer living in New York, always on the alert hunting us up drives, we will be able to offer you from time to time

A Great Many Unmistakable Bargains!

We take special pride in asking all to call and examine our goods, and feel confident by strict attention to business and having goods at the right prices, to merit a share of your patronage. As we are very busy opening and arranging our stock, have only time to enumerate a few of our many bargains:—

DOMESTICS:

Prints, Muslins, Gingham, Shirtings, Jeans, Table Linens, Towelings, &c. of all the best and most popular brands at extremely low prices. We desire to call the Ladies' undivided attention to a

Job Lot of Dr. Warner's Celebrated Corsets,

"The acknowledged standard of Europe and America." Never sold for less than one dollar. At the extravagantly low price of seventy five cents each. These goods are all warranted genuine and perfect.

BOOTS & SHOES

We intend keeping a complete assortment. Special attention will be paid to Ladies', Misses and Children's fine work. Lowest prices will prevail.

HATS AND CAPS.

In this line we can sell you goods nearly at your own price. Boys' good wool Hats from ten to fifty cents. Men's from twenty-five to sixty cents. Like proportion in finer goods.

AS A GREAT LEADER,

We offer Six Cord Soft Finish Machine Thread, equal in every respect to Clark's O. N. T., and two hundred yards on a spool, warranted, at just one half price, two spools for five cents or thirty cents per dozen.

We invite country merchants and peddlers to visit us, as you will surely find something you can use to advantage.

OUR SYSTEM OF DOING BUSINESS:

We buy and sell strictly for cash and by having a buyer constantly in the Eastern markets, enjoy advantages that all others do not.

No one, if they consult their own interests, will think of buying

Anything in the Dry Goods, Notion, Shoe or Hat line

Until they have examined our goods or learned prices. An inspection is solicited, whether purchases are intended or not.

S. L. POWERS,

Under St. Asaph Hotel,

STANFORD, - - - KY.

N. B.—All goods marked in plain figures and warranted as represented, or money cheerfully refunded.

written news letters furnished to the

Some physicians now recommend sardines to consumptives for the oil they contain, just as they do cod-liver for nervous people.

the training, of the parents, they are asked by circular whether they hold daily morning prayers in their own households. Less than thirty in 100 answered "yes."

of the picture or print photographic relief with an accuracy which can only be secured by such process. From this wax mold electrotypes are made in the same way as from a type form.

his right hand. Great public sympathy has been awakened in Italy by the melancholy fate of this gallant Garibaldian — *exchange*.

On same terms for 1899; will give 100,000 private terms. He is 15½ hands high, has with money nose and for size, style and action strictly hard to beat, and has proven himself good brooder. (236) **E. S. POWELL**

Danville Planing Mill Co
Danville Ky.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 510.

STANFORD, KY. FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1884.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER 238



UNUSUAL ATTRACTIONS



—AT—

J. W. HAYDEN'S.

\$2,500 WORTH OF CLOTHING JUST RECEIVED!

Of the newest styles and cuts. We guarantee a fit to the slimmest, the thickest, the shortest and longest. Come and see and try. Also Hats, Shoes, &c.—in fact we can furnish a full outfit for the most fastidious. My assortment of

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

Covers the Entire Range of Leading Staples!

NEW FANCIES & HIGH NOVELTIES!

Comprising all of the Newest Ideas in Fabrics and Combination in Colors.

French Cashmeres in all colors, Silks in all colors, Cut Cashmeres, White Goods in all the New Novelties, India Linens, Persian Lawns, Swiss Plaids, Quilts, Crashos, Towels, Ticking, Muslin, Underwear for Ladies and Gentlemen, Nottingham, Lace Sets Pillow Shams, New Spring Shawls,

NOTIONS, HANDKERCHIEFS IN ALL STYLES, LADIES' RUBBER CIRCULARS, RICK RACK, PINS, BUTTONS, HOSIERY, SILK LILE AND COTTON.

TRUE VACCINE MATTER.

Dr. Martin, of Boston, was the first American physician who, in view of the danger attending the use of vaccine virus taken from the human body, experimented successfully upon a return to Dr. Jenner's original method of using the bovine virus. Dr. Foster, of New York, and in 1867 Dr. Robbins, of Brooklyn, followed Dr. Martin's example, and Dr. Robbins, with his associate, Dr. Lewis, is now engaged in the production on a large scale of virus derived from Beaumont stock, upon which they have "ingrafted" the celebrated Vincennes stock, to procure which Dr. Robbins made a special visit to France. It is worthy of note, however, that the original stock is just as potent as ever, though its power varies according to the constitution of the animal from which it has been obtained. The modus operandi is to select the best calves—calves being preferred—at an age varying from a few days to a year or even more, but the younger the better, the animals being the most easily handled. If the subject is a small one it is thrown upon its side upon a table, and, its fore feet and head being secured, its hind legs are stretched apart and spots upon the belly six or eight inches wide are shaved, and if necessary the epidermis or skin is thinned down. After this vaccination, as in the ordinary manner, is proceeded with, the animal being retained in the one position for six or seven days, when the matter is ready for removal either into tubes or quill, and must be as clear as water or else rejected. Calves of the Jersey breed are preferred. Drs. Robbins and Lewis have sent the vaccine to France, to Egypt, to China, Japan, and all parts of North and South America. The greatest care is taken to provide that the calf which is to be vaccinated shall be in the best possible health. It is said that after a day or two the calves do not appear at all inconvenienced by their confinement, but munch their food with zest, and, in fact, get fat. During the summer animals which are "under process" are kept in the country, it being found that they thrive better than in town. There are many persons who now "manufacture" vaccine virus, while a number of health boards have gone into the business on their own account, the result having been everywhere most satisfactory.—*New York World*.

It may settle some uncertainty about in the public mind to say that Samuel J. Tilden is the son of Eliza Tilden, and was born at New Lebanon, Columbia county, N. Y., February 9, 1814.

HOW WEED DISCOVERED GREELEY.

It was anticipated that the Presidential campaign of 1840 would be a very warm one. The Whig committee of this State was very anxious to establish a campaign paper, something new in those days. The Chairman asked me to find an editor for the proposed paper. I had been struck with some articles in a weekly paper, published in this city, called *The New Yorker*, favoring protection to American industry. Mr. Greeley was the publisher of the paper. I came to New York and went to the office of the paper. One of the first persons that I met was a compositor standing at his case, and when I asked for Mr. Greeley he said he was the man. I asked for the author of the articles in question and was told by Mr. Greeley that he wrote them. The Chairman of the State Committee was with me, and the question of a campaign paper was at once broached. Mr. Greeley agreed to come up to Albany once a week and devote two days in each week to editing the paper. The remainder of the time he needed for his own newspaper. I will say here that Mr. Greeley could do more intellectual labor than any man I ever saw. He became acquainted with Mr. Seward during the campaign. The work which Mr. Greeley did at that time was appreciated by all of us. And so gradually sprung up the political firm of Seward, Weed and Greeley. There was much in Mr. Greeley's disposition to endure him to all with whom he came in close contact. I never knew a man capable of doing more than he.—*Thurston Weed*.

A DISRESPECTFUL CAR-DRIVER.

Gilhooley came very near being assaulted yesterday by a brutal street-car driver. The Galveston Street-Car Company, probably to save the wear and tear of the rails, has stuck up a notice: "Drivers must not stop on curves." Yesterday Gilhooley halted an East Broadway car. The driver put on the brakes and stopped the car. Gilhooley went up to him and said: "I don't care to ride just now, but I want to ask you a question." "What do you want?" asked the driver with very improper impudence. "I see you are forbidden to stop on curves. Now, I want to know how it is about benders. You are not allowed to stop on curves, but does the company permit you to go on a bender?" The rage of the driver exceeded that of a defeated candidate, and he used some very unparliamentary language. Why is it the street-car company does not employ polished gentlemen as drivers?—*Galveston News*.

BOYS.

Some people imagine that the world was made for men. All a mistake; it was simply intended for boys to amuse themselves in. Who enjoys life except the boy, if we except an occasional girl or two? Nobody. Grown-up folks try to think they do, and some really imagine they do, but they are mistaken. Men work themselves up into a fever of excitement over an election. They hold mass-meetings and get up torch-light processions of great length and noisy roar, but do they get any fun out of it? Not a bit. It is the boys on the outside who do that. They are the ones who build the bouffies on street corners, and they do a large share of the hurrahing. Men in a procession move along as solemnly as though they were going to their own funeral, if such a thing were possible, but the boy who observes them from the curb-stone, or who trots along close to the Drum Major, is all animation and joy. He takes it all in, and is the freshest one in the party when the tramp is completed, no matter how long he is in passing a multitude of given points. No one gets such keen enjoyment out of a play as the gallery god. And all circuses in the country are gotten up with an eye single to his special amusement. If we could be a girl again we would prefer to be a boy.—*Buffalo Express*.

The well-known sawdust swindle having been stopped so far as the mails and express companies are concerned, several of the bolder operators have made successful personal tours in the Southwest. Professing to be a buyer of produce or stock, the swindler conducts the business in the ordinary fashion up to the point when the stuff is ready for shipment. Then the amount agreed on is counted out in good money. Picking up one of the bills, he says: "Oh, that's a counterfeit! Let me give you another." The farmer examines the note, and, of course, can find no difference between it and the others. A conversation on the subject ensues. The swindler confidentially confesses that he has a box full of the wonderful counterfeits, and finally offers, with seeming reluctance, to pay his indebtedness with them, giving \$10 for \$1. His only proviso is that the box shall not be opened until after his departure with the produce, and then nothing but sawdust is found. The farmer usually keeps silence for the sake of his own reputation.

General Gordon says that a cheerful man of the world is more acceptable in God's sight than a gloomy Christian.

YOUTHFUL AGRICULTURIST.

A very successful amateur farmer has got in his crops at Westfield, Mass. His name is Thomas Webster Hayes; his age is 5 years. Early in the season the ground was made ready, the cabbages were set and the corn and potatoes planted by his grandfather. Every morning, since they were large enough, this little fellow has given them a thorough hoeing, and it is surprising what constant stirring of the soil will do. Some of his cabbages will weigh at least twenty pounds; one of his potatoes weighed nineteen ounces, and his corn is very much larger and better than his grandfather's, which was planted at the same time. He offers to plant for the old gentleman next season.

AN OLD STORY REMODELED.

An old monkey, desirous to teach his sons the advantage of unity, brought them a number of sticks, and desired them to see how easily they might be broken, one at a time. So each young monkey took a stick and broke it. "Now," said the father, "I'll teach you a lesson." And he began to gather the sticks into a bundle. But the young monkeys, thinking he was about to beat them, set upon him all together, and disabled him. "There," said the aged sufferer, "behold the advantage of unity! If you had assailed me one at a time I would have killed every mother's son of you!"

A PRIVATE letter written by William O. Tuggle, of Lagrange, Ga., now in Washington, to a friend in Lagrange, says that an examination of Senator Ben Hill's tongue, recently made, develops the fact that it will have to be operated upon again with surgical instruments. The popular impression in Atlanta is that Mr. Hill will not recover from the effects of the cancer on his tongue.

The following is from a Washington letter: "The Mormon church has for years kept an accurate record in detail of the private life—especially at Washington—of every Senator and Representative, and it is this record, I am sorry to say, which has given the Mormons such tremendous and fatal power at Washington for a quarter of a century." When Uncle Sam takes the Mormons by the scruff of the neck they will understand that black-sheep Congressmen are not winning the country.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are free from all crude and irritable matter. Concentrated medicine only; very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging.

T. R. WALTON,

GROCER,

COR. MAIN & SOMERSET STS.,

STANFORD, - KENTUCKY.

W. P. WALTON.

THE war's all over apparently at Cincinnati and the result of the three days of destruction and terror is thus graphically summed up by the *Commercial Gazette*:

First, we have saved our jailful of murderers. We have killed 48 innocent men, and wounded and maimed 145 more, all to save our jailful of murderers. We have burned our fine Court-house, with the records of three quarters of a century, creating confusion which a whole generation will not suffice to settle, but what is that by the side of a jailful of murderers saved from the popular excitement? We have converted a justly popular impulse against the prostration of the law before crime, into a war between an unorganized people, incensed to acts of blind vengeance against the authorities who killed them to protect the murderers. We have planted in the people's minds a cause of innocent blood crying from the ground—but we have saved our jailful of murderers. We made a fortress around the ruins of our fine Court-house and we gathered there the military power of the State to save from an enraged people our jailful of murderers. In that supreme charge, our citizen soldiers, compelled to obey military orders and discipline, without exercise of individual judgment, have fired into all that dared to approach the sacred precincts of our jailful of murderers. We have lost all but our jailful of murderers, not having saved even our honor. The reign of law and order is restored in Cincinnati—that law and order which makes murder the safest trade, and which has made impotent the administration of law against crimes of atrocity. We have vindicated all the practical forms and rules of a murderer's fate, and degraded the judiciary to the sole end of saving known and proved murderers from conviction, and of promoting the trade of the criminal lawyer. We have shown to the world in general, and to the criminal class in particular, that at any sacrifice of life and of public property, and by an appeal to the last resort of the State for the protection of the public safety—the military arm—we will save our jailful of murderers.

THE Mississippi Legislature has passed a law making it a misdemeanor for any legislative, executive, judicial or ministerial officer in that State or for any person holding an office or place of honor, profit or trust under the laws of that State, to travel upon any railroad in that State without paying absolutely and without any guise, trick, subterfuge or evasion whatsoever, the same fare required of passengers generally, under a penalty for the first offense of a fine of not less than \$25; for the second by a fine of not less than \$100, or by imprisonment in the county jail not less than ten days, or by both such fine and imprisonment, and for the third offense, by a fine of not less than \$500 and by imprisonment in the county jail not less than thirty days. Our Legislature should follow suit and adopt such a law but "we bet yer a dollar they don't."

THE worst result of the Cincinnati riot is that the slysters who brought on the state of affairs, which resulted in an outbreak, will be the principal beneficiaries by the loss of records and other public papers burned with the Court-house. A slyster is never so much at home as when tampering with titles and he can roll in ease now for many a day to come. It is truly a pity the mob didn't hang half of them. The Bar Association in no other place than Cincinnati, would permit such men as do to practice law.

JOHN D. WHITE is furnishing Arthur because he belongs to the corrupt Whiskey Ring and calls on the republicans of the State in a high-sounding proclamation to repudiate him. They will hardly do it, however. All the office holders, whose tenure is dependent upon the President are for him as a matter of course, and they usually manipulate republican conventions in this State.

By keeping up the removal of the Capital question, the Legislature succeeds in getting all the free lunch it can stand. Frankfort fed it on the 1st of the last week and Lexington fed it the big pot in the little one for it this week. It is safe to say that under this state of case the question will not be settled this session.

THE Committee appointed to investigate the charges made by ex-Speaker Keifer against Gen. Byrnon, has reported that there were no grounds for them; the same as saying that the dirty old scamp has lied. The downfall of Keifer has been faster and the depths he has reached lower, than usually falls to the lot of man.

A COURT in Ohio has decided that a greenback paper is of different politics from a republican one. We consider it a very fine point. He that is not for the democratic party is against it and as far as the efforts of a greenback organ is concerned, it is just the same as if it were republican.

THE liquor law as passed by the House, requires druggists who use vicious or spirituous in filling prescriptions to pay a State license of \$100, the same sum as is paid by the saloon-keepers. This is pretty hard on them and a howl and protest is going up from them all over the State.

SENATOR MAHINE is very ill at Washington and the dispatch says his friends are very anxious. A majority of the people of Virginia, not friends, are anxious, too—

THE Anchorage Asylum Investigating Committee has at last made a report. It is couched in very mild terms considering the true state of affairs, but goes so far as to say that even if he did not know of it, Dr. Gale is responsible for the system of ducking that prevailed there and that the General Assembly should take immediate action in the matter. Nothing short of an impeachment will satisfy the feelings of an outraged people, whose sensibilities have been awakened by a recital of the horrible cruelties inflicted on the unfortunate persons committed to his care.

THE Fourth Ohio Regiment is not one that can be depended on to quell a riot. When ordered to charge the mob at Cincinnati, they not only did not do so but broke ranks and struck in a trot for their homes and they do say some of them are still running. If ever caught, they will be tried for refusal to obey orders and cowardice of the meanest sort.

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

—The bill to establish a Board of State Commissioners of Public Charities was voted down by the House, as it should have been.

—The House spent the whole of Wednesday in discussing the Capital removal bill and was no nearer a conclusion than at first.

—The House, glad of the chance for a holiday, adjourned Tuesday after passing resolutions of regret over the death of Judge Payne.

—The Senate passed a bill amending the General Statutes, fixing toll rates on bicycles and tricycles and traction engines for travel on turnpike roads.

—In the Senate Hallam's resolution to adjourn April 25 and meet again December 31 next was adopted, with an amendment that the extra session shall not exceed sixty days.

—An Inspector of Mines is the latest effort of the Legislature to create a new office. It provides that the Governor shall appoint an Inspector for four years at \$1,800 per annum who must have a practical knowledge of chemistry, geology and mineralogy and the different systems of working and ventilating coal mines.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—The reduction of the public debt for March is \$14,238,324.

—Judge W. M. Eckner declines a re-appointment as Railroad Commissioner.

—Hon. Evans D. Alnutt, ex-representative of Louisville, has been adjudged a lunatic and ordered to the asylum.

—J. F. Randall, postmaster at New Castle, Ky., is short \$800. His aged father-in-law will pay the money. Randall has fled.

—Congressman Nichols, of Georgia, moved that Sherman's Danville Investigation Committee be instructed to investigate the Cincinnati riots.

—Bernier, the Cincinnati murderer, has been put to work at moulnding in the Ohio penitentiary, which is considered the hardest work in the institution.

—A young desperado named Gibson walked up to a man named McCoy, at Hopkinsville, Ky., and shot him dead; there was no provocation whatever. A mob is after him.

—Jas. May, a horse jockey from Garrard county, was brought to Nicholasville under arrest and placed in jail, charged with stealing a horse from Thos. Peel, of that county, about six weeks ago.

—The Governor has appointed Judge D. H. H. a special Judge in the case of the Commonwealth against J. B. Lecher, and a special term will be held the first Monday in May, at Nicholasville.

—At Lexington, Ky., a colored congregation was ejected from building a church by neighboring property holders. They gave bond, obtained a restraining order and will build. An interesting trial will result.

—Frank Elliott, colored, assaulted a young lady in York county N. C., Tuesday morning. Tuesday evening he was taken from the sheriff and lynched. A card on his body said, "Our daughters we protect."

—The post office receipts show up well notwithstanding the reductions of postage. A decrease of \$300,000 in over \$10,000,000 in sales of stamps for the quarter is doing well, considering the short time since the reduction.

—The collection on spirits, in the Seventh Kentucky District during March, amounted to \$321,673. One thousand barrels were shipped to foreign ports, and from five to eight thousand will be shipped during the coming month.

—Hon. James W. Anderson committed suicide by throwing himself into a well at Fleming, Ky. He had been in bad health for some time. He used to represent Knox county in the Legislature and was of course a republican.

—It is estimated that the whisky interests of the country will sustain a loss of fully a million and a quarter of dollars by reason of the defeat of the bonded extension bill. It is said that over 200,000 barrels will be exported, mainly to Germany.

—For the first quarter of the year ended March 31, the business failures in the United States are reported by R. G. Dun & Co., to number 3,295 as against 2,800 in the corresponding quarter last year. The liabilities amount to \$10,000,000, compared with \$37,000,000 in the first quarter of 1883.

—The Oldham county republicans adopted resolutions to the effect that "the clouds that hung like a pall over the incoming of the present administration have all been dispelled through the guidance of an ever-ruling Providence," endorsed Arthur, instructed for Col. W. O. Bradley for delegate at-large and W. H. Sneed for district delegate. Judge Wm. Manly was suggested for elector.

—The trial of Bill Jones who shot at Gulten is set for April 28.

—It will require \$50,000,000 to pay the readjustment claims of the postmasters from 1864 to 1874.

—A cyclone passed over North Alabama and North Georgia Monday night, killing many people and destroying a great amount of property.

—The cyclone that passed through Henry and Blackford counties, Ind., Monday afternoon destroyed about twenty-five houses and killed six persons.

—The suit of John W. Coppage vs. the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company, tried at Lebanon, for the killing of John C. Coppage, resulted in a verdict for plaintiff for \$2,250.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Nick Roberts' Humpty Dumpty troupe played here Tuesday night to a large house. Every one present speaks of the performance as a good one.

—Mr. Joseph William Caldwell, of Garrard county, came to town this week for the express purpose of subscribing to the INTERIOR JOURNAL, which, he says, is the best paper in Kentucky—an opinion in which he is joined by many of his fellow citizens.

—Mr. Chris Gertung, who rendered such valuable service to the cause of Hancock and English during the last presidential campaign, is again in town and as this is a presidential year, Chris proposes to remain and lift his eloquent voice in the cause of the democratic nominee, whoever they may be.

—Hon. M. J. Durham has formally announced his candidacy for the democratic nomination for Congress to succeed Hon. P. B. Thompson. Judge Durham represented his district in the 43rd, 44th, and 45th Congresses and was recognized as a leading and useful member. He and ex-Gov. McCreary, one of his competitors are to speak at Taylorville, next Monday.

—J. S. Ray, of Boyle county, on Wednesday made an assignment of his property to his son James S. Ray, of Louisville, for the benefit of creditors. The property consists of 220 acres of land in Boyle county lying on the Perryville and Mitchellburg turnpike. Mr. Ray is a very worthy gentleman and his friends trust he may come out of his business embarrassments with but little loss.

—Third and 4th streets in Danville are parallel streets and both run into Main and Lexington. But Phil Marks wants to know, you know, why it is that there are ten gas posts on Third street between Main and Lexington and only three on Fourth between Main and Lexington. The conundrum is a withering one and a chromo known as "The Deacon's Prayer" will be given to the first town trustee who solves it.

—Mrs. Morris, widow of the late Bishop Morris, of Cincinnati, is giving a series of Bible readings at the Broadway M. E. church, of which Rev. E. B. Hill is pastor. Those who have heard the lady speak of her as an eloquent and instructive speaker and one calculated to do much good in the cause in which she is engaged. She will probably remain in Danville a week or ten days. Rev. J. D. Walsh, of Covington, a former pastor of the church, arrived on Wednesday and preached to his old congregation Wednesday night.

—Wakefield, Harris & Co. sold Thursday morning to Crozen, of Philadelphia, one black gelding, 16 hands high, for \$250; same firm sold during the week 3 15-hand, 3-year-old mules to W. Stroyer, of this county, at prices averaging \$100 each. Bruce & Harlan bought on Wednesday of Mr. Nunneley of Hustonville, a bay gelding, 17 hands high, 7 years old, for \$200. Barney Crozen has, during the week, purchased 12 good horses, mostly from parties in this county. When he finds four more to suit him, he will then have a car-load and will ship them to his stable in Philadelphia. The prices averaged about \$275 per horse.

—Mr. Charles Slack, of Elizabethtown, was here on a business trip on Wednesday. Mr. James Kinnaird has returned from Wells county, Colorado, where he has been for about six weeks, looking after his cattle interests. He reports the past winter as having been a very easy one on stock, the loss from cold weather, &c., having been only about two per cent. He says a person living here is likely to have a poor idea of the extent of the stock business in the West, the immense ranches where cattle sometimes have a range of 500 miles, the constant improvement of stock by the introduction of Orlengues, Hereford and other good bulls. Cattle thieves are not tolerated and an offender when caught is sure of swift and severe punishment. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lazarus have taken rooms at the Clemen House.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by Jno. B. Fish.

—John Reynolds for shooting Gentry Haggard was held under a bond of \$250 for his appearance to answer any indictment that may be found against him. So far he has failed to give said bond.

—The Bishop-Sigman murder case came up at London Wednesday, and owing to the absence of Col. Burdett, who is assisting the Commonwealth's Attorney, and several witnesses was passed until Tuesday next.

—William Pendleton was arrested in Whitley county, charged with obtaining money under false pretences from a man named Withers on the K. C. Railroad. He was brought to this place and lodged in jail. His examining trial is set for to day.

—"Aunt" Polly Proctor has sold her house and lot in Mt. Vernon, to Mrs. Mollie E. Brown for \$300. Wm. H. Cocks, moved this week to the property recently purchased by him from Mr. J. J. Williams. Mr. Cocks will engage in the blacksmithing and wagon making trade.

—J. J. Williams, M. J. Miller, Jack Adams, Sr., M. W. Langford, Jack Adams,

Jr., and F. L. Thompson have been absent in the cities buying their supplies of spring goods. Capt. Wm. H. Spradlin, of the C. N. & G. R. Railroad, is visiting in this vicinity, this week. Miss Maggie Smith and Miss Bessie Adams, of Paint Lick, Ky., have been visiting Miss Mattie Newcomb during the past week. Sam Warnacout, of Mississippi, was in town a few days this week on business.

—Mrs. Mary C. Williams, relict of the late Col. Richard Williams, died at her home in this town Wednesday morning about half past 6 o'clock. She was about 87 years of age and had been an invalid for a number of years. All the little children know her as "Grandma" Williams. In the early pioneer days of Virginia and Kentucky, she and others were taken prisoners by the Indians and after many hardships and privations they were recaptured by their friends. She remembered well many incidents in the history of Kentucky, long since past and gone. She died a Christian. Almost her last words were, "Praise the Lord."

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Died, on Tuesday night, James White head, keeper of the 2nd toll-gate on the Bradfordville road.

—Warned by the timely admonition of the INTERIOR JOURNAL no one was guilty of even trying to sell his neighbor on the festive "first."

—Sheriff Menefee succeeded in arresting Dave Godley at Mt. Salem a few days since. It required the grit, for which Geo. Carpenter gives him credit, to carry out the programme.

—The balmy breezes of Tuesday lured a host of amateurs to the gardens, but the balmy breath of Wednesday blew out their zeal for the horticultural and reminded them shivering and sad to the coalbin.

—The U. S. detectives are still busy in our region. They made three or four arrests, on charges of counterfeiting and illicit distilling, on Saturday, but the full names of the parties taken cannot be obtained here.

—This is the time for the tax assessor to kindly interpose and assist the weary merchant in taking an account of stock. He is here accordingly trying to convince the dealers that the aggregate of their respective supplies is highly respectable.

—Dullness pervades every kind of business at present. A few farmers are ready to plant corn but are prevented by the unfavorable condition of the soil. There is no reason for discouragement however as a favorable season on and after the 10th will produce grand results.

—Miss Cora Sandidge has gone on a visit to friends at Harrodsburg, thence to Lawrenceburg. Miss Alice Burgin, of the college faculty, has been in Mercer some days with her father whose health is very feeble. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson returned to Taylor county on Tuesday. Misses Enze and Kittie Rout, of Sanford, are visiting at John Rout's.

—Born, to Mrs. Kidd, on Sunday night, a son. Mr. Kidd has been a citizen here but a short time; he seems, however, to have caught very readily the key note of Hustonville society. On Tuesday to Mrs. John Burton, a son. I am informed the infant bears the euphonious appellation of Andrew Jackson Calhoun Webster Cowan Burton. If he can carry this he needn't fear the measles.

—Wm. M. Carpenter, a former Lincoln county boy, for several years as station agent at Mackinaw City, on the G. B. & I. R. R., has recently gained a position on the same road as travelling passenger and freight agent. The paper in which the notice appears congratulates "Mike" warmly on his promotion and takes occasion to speak in most complimentary terms of his efficiency as a railroad official. Miss Rita Peyton is employed as assistant to her sister, Miss Eugenia, in her school.

SCRAPS.

—The conundrum offered in Ohio is: Who will hereafter be willing to serve on a Cincinnati jury?

—Bernier is probably a great scoundrel, but he has some good instincts. When asked what trade he would like to learn in the penitentiary he replied that he would like to become a printer.

—Kentucky has always been taunted by her cold-blooded Northern sister as a lawless and bloody-minded State. The whole history of our commonwealth aggregated and all her crime arrayed, could not furnish such a page of riot, murder, unmitigated criminality and insane fiendishness as the record made by Cincinnati during the closing days of March.

—A Dayton man who deserted from his command at Cincinnati and went home, soon returned stating that his wife ordered him back to bear his part in the turbulent scenes of the city. The papers are loud in their laudations of "that woman's bravery." There seems to have been a clearer exhibit of prudence than bravery in her case. Perhaps she was tired of him, perhaps she had an eye to a pension.

G. F. Peacock

DRUGGIST,

HUSTONVILLE, - - KY.

Everything Usually Found in a First-Class Drug Store.

Drugs, Medicines, Books, Stationery, Fancy and Toilet Articles,

Toys, Confectionery, Paints, Oils Groceries,

Garden Seeds in Bulk and Papers, Sibbey's Garden Seeds at 25c per paper.

WALL PAPER,

TRIMMED & READY TO PUT ON,

—AT—

McROBERTS & STAGG'S

Druggists and Booksellers,

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, STANFORD.

H. C. RUPLEY.

I have received and am still receiving New Goods for Spring and Summer, comprising the best in the market, which will be gotten up in style and make second to none in city or country. Give me a trial. H. C. Rupley

W. H. HIGGINS,

—DEALER IN—

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles, Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness, Spokes, Grates, Cider Mills, Lap Covers, Rims, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Gutters will have prompt attention.

Salesmen: W. H. McKinstry, John Bright, Jr.

B. K. WEAREN,

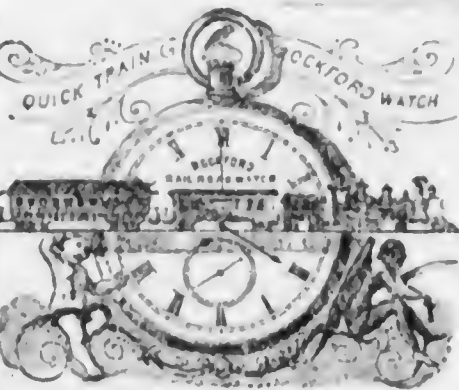
—AND—

Dealer in Furniture!

A Full and complete assortment of Furniture, embracing everything from the Cheapest to the Finest Parlor Suites. No need to go to the large cities to make your purchases, no matter what quantity or quality you want, as I can and will duplicate any prices you can obtain elsewhere, freight being added. Also a full assortment of Coffins, Cases, Shrouds and Rubes, embracing all the New Styles, both cheap and expensive. Ware rooms opposite St. Asaph Hotel, Stanford, Ky.

Penny & M'Alister

PHARMACISTS



Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded Also JEWELRY!

Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silverware

Ever brought to this market. Prices lower than the lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted.

ANOTHER VICTORY!

—FOR THE—

THE CHAMPION SULKY PLOW.

The Furst & Bradley Weighed in the Balances and Found Wanting!

The Cassidy also Plowed Under!

Read What a Practical Lincoln Co. Farmer Says about it:

MILLWOOD FARM, Mar. 18, 1884.

In a trial on my farm to find between the Furst & Bradley, Cassidy and Champion Sulky Plows, I made the choice of the CHAMPION, for the reasons that it is easier handled, better constructed, cuts a cleaner, deeper and wider furrow and turns the soil better.

BEN. SPALDING.

GEO. D. WEAREN, Agt., Stanford.

A champion swimmer in San Francisco, the learning that Patti, "a celebrated diva," was in town issued a challenge for a match, "that three dives in five, off Meigs' Wharf."

The gentlemen give according to their means, others give according to their means.

—A Washington dispatch says: The Morrison bill will not be called up before Wednesday or Thursday of next week. The solid democratic vote will be cast in favor of its reconsideration, but it will probably be snatched out of all resemblance to the bill as it left the hands of its author.

W. P. WALTON.

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going South	12:30 P. M.
" " " " " " " "	1:25 P. M.
Express train " " " "	1:01 A. M.
" " " " " " " "	2:55 A. M.

RUNG.

BY DR. LA MOILLE.

Not where the poison dews distill,
Which bring much we to men,
Shall we our brimming glasses fill,
And drink and fill again.

But we shall quaff the water pure,
Which sparkles in the wave,
Whose draught so sweet doth health assure,
And far removes the grave.

Water, true gift of heaven thou art;
Without thy smile to bless,
Earth were a desert and man's heart
Could never find happiness.

REABORN'S GROVE, ILL.

STARTING TO WIN A WIFE.

It was a July afternoon. Three men sat on the veranda of the village hotel. Their feet were on the balcony railing, their chairs were tilted back and they were fanning themselves.

These men were Judge Barron, County Judge, Parson Miller and Col. Gherkins, a retired militia officer, on no pay. Not one of them would see his 50th birthday, for they had passed it. "Speaking of fasting," said the Judge, breaking a long silence.

"Hasn't been mentioned," snarled the Colonel, interrupting.

The Judge dropped his chair squarely down on its four legs, and looked savagely at the Colonel. The Colonel returned the look and snapped his fingers contemptuously.

"Don't be boys!" urged the minister with a smile. He smiled because he knew the fiery but harmless ways of the gentlemen.

"Well, we are too old for this sort of thing," said the Judge, leaning back again. "But, speaking of fasting—I will have it that way—reminds me of my attempt at suicide."

"It was in the papers," said Gherkins, stopping his fanning long enough to glance sideways at the other.

"It was," admitted the Judge, "but it doesn't signify now, over twenty-five years afterward."

"Humph!" grunted the Colonel.

"I was in love, doctor," and the Judge turned his face toward the minister.

"That is what he thought," observed the Colonel, with a chuckle, half cough and half laugh.

"With a girl," continued Barron.

"Well, added!" cried Gherkins. "Though the tendency of young men is, we know, to fall in love with old women."

"And not, as you ~~old~~ know, Colonel, for young women to fall in love with old men."

"Your's as old as I am," shouted the Colonel.

"Not by fifteen years," exclaimed the Judge. "But you take my remark to yourself."

"That's the way you meant to have it taken, I know," growled the unmanageable old man.

"So you ought," said the Judge. "But never mind that! I tell in love. That means to be miserable. At 22 one has love as one has the measles, severely, all over, as a matter of business."

"When I was a boy," suddenly began the Colonel.

"Why, that is ancient history," cried Barron.

The Colonel said something in an undertone, and lighted a cigar.

"I had always been in love with Miss Lou Dexter," continued the Judge. "I began to suffer when I was in roundabouts, was a sort of duplex, back-action, extra-elastic passion. I suppose I made a fool of myself. Didn't I, Colonel?"

"Decidedly!" declared that person.

"I felt as sure of Lou as I did of myself," the Judge continued. "But when I came back from college I thought everything had changed for the worse. There was no longer that familiarity and confidence that had existed between us. Half the time when I went to see her she was either busy or out for the evening, or engaged with a musty old fellow who had money, but whose name I won't mention."

"Musty, Judge?" howled the Colonel, springing to his feet. "Musty? Have a cure!"

"Poetical license, I suppose," suggested the minister. "Now, if he had said moldy—"

"Just as libelous, just as infamous an untruth," shouted the Colonel, stamping up and down the veranda.

"Oh, well, consider the remark withdrawn," laughed the Judge. "The man was there, all the same, and kept me from confidential chats with the girl I loved."

"And he knew it!" chuckled Gherkins.

"She knew it!" said the Judge, gravely. "I didn't mind any of these things so much as the story that she was going to marry the old fox, and that her wedding clothes were being made. That struck me like the ball from a Whitworth gun. 'Lou, I said, the first time I met her after hearing this story, 'is it true that you're getting ready to marry this man?' naming

"She had a way of half turning her face and looking up at you with a sanctity in her black eyes that would drive a man crazy. She looked at me that way."

"Don't you wish you knew?" she asked, and walked away, looking backward just once, in her coquettish way, over her shoulder.

"Ten minutes afterward I saw her walking with my venerable rival."

"Venerable alongside of veal," said Gherkins, savagely.

The Judge laughed.

"You are posted, Colonel," he said.

"You forget that I mentioned no name for the gentleman."

"You might as well," said the other.

"Oh, the doctor can wait or guess," was the reply. Then—"Miss Dexter's indifference crazed me. I wanted to tell her that, as a man, I loved her. She knew that in my childhood I had idolized her. But what chance had I? What good would it do, if she were going to marry the infirm fellow wheezing asthmatically by her side? I went home as sure that life had no value to me. The more I thought of it the less I cared for it. The less I cared for it the greater my anxiety to be rid of it. To be rid of it meant to take it. Suicide is horribly vulgar, ordinarily. It is only the Frenchman who makes it sublime. He—"

"There! here! I must protest," exclaimed the person, holding up his hands in horror. "Such talk is not orthodox."

"I'm not telling an orthodox story, doctor. What I think now and thought then are two different affairs. Enough to say I resolved on killing myself. As in my disappointment I felt no hunger, starvation seemed a very refined method of self-extinction."

"Economized to the last!" exclaimed the Colonel, returning to the attack.

"You'll never carry the practice of your life to such an extreme," said Barron; "I have the satisfaction of knowing that. However, Colonel, your bitterness is natural. I forgive you. Dr. Miller cannot fail to see that I'm trusting you like a Christian—that is, as if you were one. Well, I began the siege myself. The supplies were cut off. I retired to my room and refused to eat. That meant a great deal when it is considered that for four years I had lived at a college boarding-house. It meant more when one remembers that it was done for love. Men talk of killing themselves for the objects of their affections, but they seldom, if ever, try the starvation plan. It takes true grit for that sort of thing. Perhaps this story of mine hasn't the sentimental fervor that animated me then. It seems now to have been an example of rather funny obstinacy. The first day was lived through without much discomfort; the second found me hungry; the third, I was half crazy for food, and the smell from the kitchen infuriated me. I began to wonder if I wasn't making a fool of myself."

"Yes! You were the only one who had doubts about it!" said the Colonel, quite cheerfully, all things considered.

"Meanwhile," continued the Judge, "every relative got wind of the matter and came to hold an ante-mortem inquest. The doctor was summoned, and at last the newspaper of the town came out with a highly-sensational story, in which Miss Dexter was, by innuendo, referred to as the cause of the trouble. Of this, however, I knew nothing. I was too busy in scheming to counteract the plots of my friends to force food into my stomach to care what was being said outside of the house. The night of the third day was a horrible one. It was made up of a succession of dreams of banquets at which I could not eat enough to satisfy my hunger."

"The next morning I was out of my head until noon."

"Out of your stomach! Brains had nothing to do with it," said the Colonel.

"Out of my head," repeated the Judge. "It seemed as though I was about to collapse and die. Everything was whirling around and around, when the door was opened and a face came into view. It had a familiar look, but at first I could not tell whose it was. I looked and looked and looked, and then dropped away in a fainting fit. It lasted for a minute. When I came to, the first thing that met my gaze was this same face. The eyes had the same electrical gleam as of old; the lips were just as seductive in their expression, and the voice made the sweetest of music. She took my thin face in her little hands and looked sadly into my eyes."

"Fred! Fred!" she whispered. "Dear old boy, tell me what this means!"

I shook my head wearily.

"I've been away," she said, "and there's a horrible story about us in the paper—about me, I mean—that I am the cause of this. Have you seen it?"

"No, Lou."

"Are you going to kill yourself, Fred?" bringing that dear face of hers closer to mine.

"I shall continue to try."

"Why? What is the matter?"

"You are the matter, Lou, if you must know," I said, getting desperate, with her lips so close to mine, and the questions coming thick and fast. "You are the matter."

"Me?"

"You could see that she wanted to make me tell, and I believe that the only thing that kept her from asking was that she believed she knew what I had to tell. I

resolved to settle my doubt, and, if I was going to die, to have her know just the reason for my suicide.

"Lou," I began, putting an arm around her waist to steady myself. "Lou, I am killing myself because you don't love me."

"How do you know that, Fred Barron? You make me ask the question."

Her face came down upon my shoulder, and she began to sob.

"Because, Lou, because, because—" I paused simply because I didn't know, but had only guessed at it, and in my weak condition it seemed as if I had been woefully mistaken. "Well, then, I knew it because you always put Gherkins between us; and how could I tell you over his shoulder that I wanted you to be my wife?"

"Did you want to tell me that, Fred?"

"Yes!"

"And that animated old petrification kept you away?"

"Animated Old Petrification, eh? Did she call me that, Judge Barron?" shrieked the Colonel, slapping his hat on his head and driving it down with a blow of his fist, as he sprang from his chair.

"If she did, sir, I demand satisfaction, the satisfaction of a gentleman, sir! 'Animated Old Petrification!' And this by a woman I would have honored by marrying! It is too much, too much! You shall give me revenge!"

Barron laughed. So did the minister.

"You shall have what you want, Colonel," said the Judge.

"When, where, how? That talk suits me."

"By coming around to dinner with me this afternoon. You know Miss Barron has changed her mind about you since that day."

"I'll be blanked if I will," roared the Colonel, slamming the chairs aside as he tramped away.

"At 4 o'clock sharp," said the Judge, leaning over the railing, and speaking to the angry man on the walk below.

The Colonel shook his fist in reply. "He is very wrathful," observed the minister.

"But he will come all the same," said the Judge.

"I suppose that young lady gave you a favorable reply," meekly observed Dr. Miller, who wanted to hear the conclusion of the story.

"Favorable? Of course! See that lady over the street there?"

"Mrs. Barron? Oh, yes!"

"Well, she was Lou Dexter before I married her. Her 'yes' stopped my suicide."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed. And what is more, in view of my profession, I've never had to starve since."

EIGHT SQUARE MILES OF TURTLES.

The Galveston News reports that between Sabine and Galveston, in the Gulf of Mexico, the steamer James Andrews encountered a vast multitude of green turtles, many of them very large, and all of them on their backs. Capt. J. B. Rodgers, owner of the schooner, states that the schooner was lying on and off, and from observation it was estimated that the water covered by these turtles formed an area of eight miles in width and ten miles in length. They were all sizes, and not one being seen in natural position. The water was literally covered with them. During the passage among the turtles, Spanish mackerel were leaping high in the air in every direction, as if determined to escape from the sea, giving evidence that either the water underneath was in a dreadful commotion or the sea monsters had come down on them from some strange sea.

Capt. Rodgers is anxious to have nautical men explain these odd phenomena of the turtles on their backs and the excitement among the mackerel. During his nautical career he never saw anything similar to it, nor did he ever before lay eyes on as many turtles and Spanish mackerel.

SOMETHING ABOUT HIS DAUGHTER.

The author is not known, but all in our power will be done to rescue him from oblivion by publishing it as follows: "There is something about your daughter," Mr. Wanghlop said reflectively; "there's something about your daughter—" "Yes," said old Mr. Thistlepod, "there is; I had noticed it myself. It comes every evening at 8 o'clock, and it don't go away usually till about 2 o'clock. And some of these nights I am going to lift it all the way from the front parlor to the side gate and see what there's in it."

HIS BOOK-KEEPING.

A country store-keeper in Northern New York failed in business. He offered to settle at 50 cents on a dollar, and the proposal was accepted by some, but refused by one firm, who commenced legal proceedings against him to recover the full amount. At the trial he was asked by one of the counsel in what manner he had kept his books—by single or double entry. He replied that they were not kept in an entry at all, but under the counter on the salt-barrel.

A man named Chenoweth, who lives in the village of Cowboy, Kansas, was a horse which he sends to a store three miles distant for provisions. A note tied to the horse's mane has a list of articles wanted. They are strapped in a bag to his back. The animal never stops to nibble grass, but goes the whole distance at a brisk trot.

When a cowboy goes without sleep for a week, he is called a "sawyer."

PLEASANTRIES.

The best stuff for slippers—Ashes.

The kettled rum is fashionable in cold weather.

Passing around the hat is one way of getting the cents of the meeting.

It is a fixed fact that there is a great future for everybody who can live long enough to see it.

"I would like to die to-night," pens a poet—for once coming into sympathy with the people.

When Jay Gould sees a railroad that suits him, he buys it, picksles it, and puts it away to skin at his leisure.

The difference between a well-shod mother and her corrected offspring is, that she is kid-slipped, and he is a slipped kid.

"Is that mule tame?" asked a farmer of an American dealer in domestic quadrupeds. "He's tame enough in front," answered the dealer.

We see an article in the papers about boy inventors. We hope they will invent a boy who won't whistle on his fingers and yell on the streets at night.

"Now I understand," remarked Oldenberg with a sigh, after vainly trying to get a view of the stage over the bonnet in front of him; "now I understand what they mean by the 'height of fashion.'"

"Papa, they don't have any stone in Ireland; do they?" asked a little boy the other day. "Yes, my boy; but why do you ask such a question?" Because I thought it was all sham-rock over there."

A FASHIONABLE young lady was seen blacking her brother's boots, and the next day she helped do the family washing. It is thought she is fitting herself to become the wife of an Italian Count. —Puck.

GREECE seems determined to fight Turkey at any cost. She went to war with Turkey five years ago, and had one man killed and two died of sickness, but experience has not taught her anything. —Detroit Free Press.

THEODORE PARKER'S rule for married happiness was that the wife and husband should overlook each other's faults. This, however, would not work in Utah, where a man's shortcomings increase with every new wife.

Many had a pair of lungs. They matched her other hair, And every night before she slept She hung them on a chair. She wore her bangs to school one day, Which made her classmates sore, And little went round that Mary's part had worked a dollar store. This kind of talk produced a fume— The teacher took it up; She locked the lungs within her desk— Oh! full was Mary's cup.

One evening, at a Paris cafe, a group of idlers were discussing politics, and people who change their opinions. "Well," said one, "I've never cried, 'Long live anybody.' " "Quite so," remarked one; "but then you're a doctor."

"WHAT did Cain say when the Lord asked him where his brother Abel was?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of his class. None of the children spoke up, but finally little Jimmy snatched his fingers and said: "I forgot what Cain said, but he sassed the Lord back."

As exchange tells of a young lady who, six months after a happy marriage, on being asked if she was much troubled with cold feet, simpered hesitatingly and with ingenuous simplicity replied: "Ye-yes; but—they're not my own."

A JAPANESE audience, when they wish to express disapproval of a bad play, do not hiss or hoot, or make any hideous or inconvenient noise; they merely rise and turn their backs to the stage, upon which the curtain immediately descends. In this country the male portion of the audience turn their backs to the stage immediately after the curtain descends, not that they like the play less, but that they love clothes more. —Philadelphia News.

MARK TWAIN says the only introduction to a literary audience that he ever had that seemed to him the right word in the right place—a real inspiration—was as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, I shall not waste any unnecessary time in the introduction. I don't know anything about this man; at least I only know two things about him—one is that he has never been in the penitentiary, and the other is, I can't see why."

DR. GATLING, inventor of the famous gun, has just perfected another instrument of war that is reported to be most complete in its deadly properties. It is capable of firing 1,000 shots in a minute, and by the use of the instrument three men can do the work of 300 riflemen. It is capable of killing a man or horse one mile away. It is somewhat in the form of the present Gatling gun, but more complete, and may be taken to pieces at will, and therefore can be moved about easily.

A weep went buzzing to his work and various things did tackle. He-tu-g-y-boy and then a dog and in a later cockle; at last upon a drummer's cheek he rolled down to drill, he prodded here for half an hour, and then—he broke his bill!

"They say that absence conquers love but I believe it not," said a New York young man, who had been visiting a week in a temperance town and couldn't get whisky, as he walked up to the bar and asked for a drink.

—AT THE OLD—

Christian Church.

THE FIRE

—Has let us with—

\$8,000

WORTH OF GOODS,

And no place to continue business; and as our stock is principally

New Spring Goods

We can not afford to hold them for re-building, but have determined to

SACRIFICE

—Them rather than hold a single item longer than—

60 DAYS!

We have become reconciled to the loss that is bound to result in the closing of this stock, but knowing that there is nothing saved by holding, we will commence

SLAUGHTERING PRICES

To-day to carry out our object. To friends who have made our business a success so far, and encouraged us with new hope for the present year, we especially ask not to consider our present location as any inconvenience, but come thick and fast; say a good word for us and your friends. "We need you every every hour." The goods we offer you are

NOT DAMAGED.

From the burning building they were taken to a clean store-room and well cared for. Remember our stock consists of

Clothing, Boots,

SHOES, HATS,

Gents' Furnishing Goods, Dry Goods, Trunks, Valises, &c.

The attention of the ladies is called especially to our new stock of

PHILADELPHIA FINE SHOES,

—And that of the gentlemen to—

Buell's Celebrated Boots and Shoes.

The above are acknowledged the leading goods of the market and due notice should be taken.

Hoping you will appreciate our determination to pull through, we are gratefully yours,

GEO. H. BRUCE & CO.

At the Old Christian Church, Depot St., Stanford, Ky.

Any parties who bought goods from us on credit a week previous to the fire will please report same. Our day book containing these items was destroyed, and we remember part of our sales but not all.

GEO. H. BRUCE & CO.

MARCH 19, '84.

